

Short Poetic Dream 20210104015654373115

Texts Used: [The Iliad](#) by Homer

This text was remixed using a "Dream Filter", or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

In every quarter fierce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain; Now here, now there, he darts from place to place, Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.

Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main. The god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

It bursts, it thunders on our heads! It bursts, it thunders on our heads!

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings.

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear. As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne, (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,) Precipitate the ponderous mass descends: From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; At every shock the crackling wood resounds; Still gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain, Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain: There stops--so Hector.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece their aid; High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war. But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourself were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear, Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear." The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array. Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls, And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.

To her Latona hastes with tender care; Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war: "How shall I face the dame, who gives delight To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night? Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie, Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die." Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke: "To me, perfidious!

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.

No time shall part us, and no fate divide, Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames), My father faithless to my mother's arms, Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms. But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host, Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name, Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band. But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair; Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd, And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood: Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste: "Sperchius! Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer, We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year?

When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought. Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain. Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall; The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall." These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, And listening armies catch the godlike fire. Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaurē with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.

Ignoble age must come, Disease, and death's inexorable doom, The life, which others pay, let us bestow, And give to fame what we to nature owe; Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live, Or let us glory gain, or glory give!" He said; his words the listening chief inspire With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire; The troops pursue their leaders with delight, Rush to the foe, and claim the promised fight.

To her Latona hastes with tender care; Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war: "How shall I face the dame, who gives delight To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night? The

faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight His flying coursers, sunk to endless night; A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown: His bended arm received the falling stone; From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins, Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains: Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound; He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground: Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air, Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet: The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd. Before him flaming his enormous shield, Like the broad sun, illumined all the field; His nodding helm emits a streamy ray; His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along, Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong. No time shall part us, and no fate divide, Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames), My father faithless to my mother's arms, Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms. Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim. For one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." Then to the city, terrible and strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along, So the proud courser, victor of the prize, To the near goal with double ardour flies.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands: "Heroes, be men; be what you were before; Or weigh the great occasion, and be more. Far as an able arm the disk can send, When youthful rivals their full force extend, So far, Antilochus!

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong. Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear, Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear." The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array. The god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease, But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase, Till the great king, without a ransom paid, To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid. Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer, The priest may pardon, and the god may spare." The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown The monarch started from his shining throne; Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire, And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire: "Augur accursed! The leading sign, the irrevocable nod, And happy thunders of the favouring god, These shall I slight, and guide my wavering mind By wandering birds that flit with every wind?

O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng, Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along, Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the foes, Where o'er the vales the Olenian rocks arose; Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.

As when a general darkness veils the main, (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,) The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps, And a still horror saddens all the deeps; Thus in

thick orders settling wide around, At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell: He too may
haste the naked corse to gain: The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain." The youthful
warrior heard with silent woe, From his fair eyes the tears began to flow: Big with the mighty
grief, he strove to say What sorrow dictates, but no word found way. Be the fierce impulse of
his rage obey'd, Our battles let him or desert or aid; Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit:
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit: What for ourselves we can, is always ours; This
night, let due repast refresh our powers; (For strength consists in spirits and in blood, And those
are owed to generous wine and food;) But when the rosy messenger of day Strikes the blue
mountains with her golden ray, Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine In flaming arms,
a long-extended line: In the dread front let great Atrides stand, The first in danger, as in high
command." Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise, Then each to Heaven the due libations
pays; Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows The grateful blessings of desired repose.
Illustration: ACHILLES.

Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near, The youthful offspring of the god of war, Merion, and
Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around. Not he that thunders
from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple
cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's
corslet his fair body dress'd, Braced in and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldric, o'er his
shoulder tied, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm
o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head: His figured shield, a shining orb, he
takes, And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair; Those
curling locks which from his youth he vow'd, And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:
"Sperchius! Deiphobus beheld him as he pass'd, And, fired with hate, a parting javelin cast: The
javelin err'd, but held its course along, And pierced Ascalaphus, the brave and young: The son
of Mars fell gasping on the ground, And gnash'd the dust, all bloody with his wound.

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own." Again the
goddess: "Much my father's prayer, And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear: My friends
embraced my knees, adjured my stay, But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.

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Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:
The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his
swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where
the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the
navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails
pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round. Prostrate he falls; his
clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought. Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain; And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain; Till time shall rifle every youthful grace, And age dismiss her from my cold embrace, In daily labours of the loom employ'd, Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd. Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd, That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade; Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd: Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field, And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield: Within its concave hung a silver thong, On which a mimic serpent creeps along, His azure length in easy waves extends, Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends.

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But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altars led: If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire; Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed; Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might." Hector obedient heard: and, with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend, Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend." He said; and pleased his passion to command, Resign'd the courser to Noemon's hand, Friend of the youthful chief: himself content, The shining charger to his vessel sent.

The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight His flying coursers, sunk to endless night; A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown: His bended arm received the falling stone; From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins, Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains: Meanwhile his

temples feel a deadly wound; He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground: Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air, Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet: The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

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It bursts, it thunders on our heads! The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd, Braced in and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder tied, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head: His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes, And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer, We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year? Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast: He call'd the aerial powers, along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.

Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain, Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain. But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race Tower on the right of yon ethereal space; So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove." Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high, Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!

To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain, 'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain, And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate." "'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care, With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear; Myself, and my bold brother will sustain The shock of Hector and his charging train: Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side; What Troy can dare, we have already tried, Have tried it, and have stood." The hero said. I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend, Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend."

He said; and pleased his passion to command, Resign'd the courser to Noemon's hand, Friend of the youthful chief: himself content, The shining charger to his vessel sent. Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young, From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung:

(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed, That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; In secret woods he won the naiad's grace, And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace:) Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms; The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd, That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade; Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd: Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field, And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield: Within its concave hung a silver thong, On which a mimic serpent creeps along, His azure length in easy waves extends, Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends. Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good.

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Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last. When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

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Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race Tower on the right of yon ethereal space; So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove." Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high, Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!

Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie, Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die." Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke: "To me, perfidious!

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy. Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; AEneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race. The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight His flying coursers, sunk to endless night; A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown: His bended arm received the falling stone; From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins, Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains: Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound; He groans in death, and

ponderous sinks to ground: Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air, Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet: The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

To their own hands commit the frantic scene, Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean." Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires, And from the senior power submit retires: Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades: "And is it thus the youthful Phoebus flies, And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize?

Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer, Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

The leading sign, the irrevocable nod, And happy thunders of the favouring god, These shall I slight, and guide my wavering mind By wandering birds that flit with every wind? The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd, Braced in and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head: His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes, And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast: He call'd the aerial powers, along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise. Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.

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And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid, The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.

Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire) With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire; Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd; The dart drove on, and issued at his breast: Headlong he quits the car: his arms resound; His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove, Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove: The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer, The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands, Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler thunders on the ground. Far as an able arm the disk can send, When youthful rivals their full force extend, So far, Antilochus! Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls, And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.

Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell: He too may haste the naked corse to gain: The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain." The youthful

warrior heard with silent woe, From his fair eyes the tears began to flow: Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.

Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase, To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?" This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along, To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng; High at their head he saw the chief appear, And bold Meriones excite the rear.

Though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd; Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below. In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own." Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer, And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear: My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay, But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast: He call'd the aerial powers, along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.

But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain. Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound, And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands:

"Heroes, be men; be what you were before; Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.

At length she trusts her power; resolved to prove The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;

Against his wisdom to oppose her charms, And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own." Again the

goddess: "Much my father's prayer, And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear: My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay, But stronger love impell'd, and I obey. Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem already to retrieve the day.

To their own hands commit the frantic scene, Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean." Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires, And from the senior power submit retires: Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades: "And is it thus the youthful Phoebus flies, And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize? Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease, But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase, Till the great king, without a ransom paid, To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid. Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer, The priest may pardon, and the god may spare." The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown The monarch started from his shining throne; Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire, And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire: "Augur accursed!

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands:

"Heroes, be men; be what you were before; Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.

When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy. Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall; The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall." These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, And listening armies catch the godlike fire.

Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer; If earth, at length this active prince can seize, Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules." Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, And his soul shivering at the approach of death.

Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way. Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; AEneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race. The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.

But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the
day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then
bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd;
Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas
stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so
pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they
shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they
fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds
to tear.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your
own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to
Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the
bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast,
amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer
checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their
honours, are the same.

Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain; And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in
vain; Till time shall rifle every youthful grace, And age dismiss her from my cold embrace, In
daily labours of the loom employ'd, Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd. As from some
mountain's craggy forehead torn, A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne, (Which from the
stubborn stone a torrent rends,) Precipitate the ponderous mass descends: From steep to steep
the rolling ruin bounds; At every shock the crackling wood resounds; Still gathering force, it
smokes; and urged amain, Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain: There
stops--so Hector.

The race of these superior far to those, As he that thunders to the stream that flows.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added
not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair; Those
curling locks which from his youth he vow'd, And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:
"Sperchius! Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous
breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful
arms.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece their aid; High o'er
the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight, And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite; Along the
street the new-made brides are led, With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed: The youthful
dancers in a circle bound To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound: Through the fair streets
the matrons in a row Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
 Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near, The youthful offspring of the god of war, Merion, and
 Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around.
 Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight, And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite; Along the
 street the new-made brides are led, With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed: The youthful
 dancers in a circle bound To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound: Through the fair streets
 the matrons in a row Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show. In arms he shines,
 conspicuous from afar, And bears aloft his ample shield in air; Within whose orb the thick
 bull-hides were roll'd, Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold: And while two pointed
 javelins arm his hands, Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
 The leading sign, the irrevocable nod, And happy thunders of the favouring god, These shall I
 slight, and guide my wavering mind By wandering birds that flit with every wind? Before him
 flaming his enormous shield, Like the broad sun, illumined all the field; His nodding helm emits a
 streamy ray; His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, And, while beneath his targe he
 flash'd along, Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.
 To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his
 swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where
 the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the
 navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails
 pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
 For one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." Then to the city, terrible and
 strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along, So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
 To the near goal with double ardour flies.
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield
 the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem
 already to retrieve the day. In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and
 echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the
 mountains, thunders all the ground.
 But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands:
 "Heroes, be men; be what you were before; Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
 Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast
 beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims
 promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast: He call'd the aerial powers,
 along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When
 the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
 Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. At
 length she trusts her power; resolved to prove The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms, And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.
 Though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd;
 Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altars led: If so

the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire; Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed; Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might." Hector obedient heard: and, with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.

Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer, We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year? Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.

Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd. 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease, But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase, Till the great king, without a ransom paid, To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid. Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer, The priest may pardon, and the god may spare." The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown The monarch started from his shining throne; Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire, And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire: "Augur accursed! Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong. Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings.

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd; Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host, Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name, Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd;

Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.

But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.

And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid, The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.

Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain.

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke, Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke, With ample forehead, and with spreading horns, Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns." The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.

Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight His flying coursers, sunk to endless night; A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown: His bended arm received the falling stone; From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins, Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains: Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound; He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground: Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air, Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet: The youthful victor mounts his empty seat, And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:

The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain, 'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain, And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate." "'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care, With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear; Myself, and my bold brother will sustain The shock of Hector and his charging train: Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side; What Troy can dare, we have already tried, Have tried it, and have stood." The hero said. Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd, Our battles let him or desert or aid; Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit: That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit: What for ourselves

we can, is always ours; This night, let due repast refresh our powers; (For strength consists in spirits and in blood, And those are owed to generous wine and food;) But when the rosy messenger of day Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray, Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine In flaming arms, a long-extended line: In the dread front let great Atrides stand, The first in danger, as in high command." Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise, Then each to Heaven the due libations pays; Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows The grateful blessings of desired repose. Illustration: ACHILLES. In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar, And bears aloft his ample shield in air; Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd, Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold: And while two pointed javelins arm his hands, Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. The race of these superior far to those, As he that thunders to the stream that flows.

Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race Tower on the right of yon ethereal space; So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove." Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high, Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared: The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep. When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought. High o'er the host, all terrible he stands, And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:

"Xanthus and Balius!

Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer; If earth, at length this active prince can seize, Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules." Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, And his soul shivering at the approach of death. 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own." Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer, And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear: My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay, But stronger love impell'd, and I obey. The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altars led: If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire; Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed; Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might." Hector obedient heard: and, with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims

promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast: He call'd the aerial powers,
along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong.
Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
Appeased, propitious to our prayer, Resume thy arms, and shine again in war." "O king of
nations!

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,) Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; At every shock the crackling wood resounds; Still
gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain, Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to
the plain: There stops--so Hector.

And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased
at length the Grecian arms to aid, The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid. So may the
power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare; And far avert
Tydides' wasteful ire, Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:
The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands, And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
"Xanthus and Balius!

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought
they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy. Far as an able
arm the disk can send, When youthful rivals their full force extend, So far, Antilochus!
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the
ground.

If thy madness wait The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate: That giant-corse, extended on
the shore, Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore." He said; and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung, Sent from his following host: the Grecian train With
answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain; A shout that tore heaven's concave, and, above,
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

At length she trusts her power; resolved to prove The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms, And lull the lord of thunders in her arms. In vain
Aetolia her deliverer waits, War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the
second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus
had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and
asserts his claim.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his
swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where
the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the
navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails
pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.

Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth,

and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; AEneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race. But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies, Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise; But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer, Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air, And victims promised, and libations cast, To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast: He call'd the aerial powers, along the skies To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own." Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer, And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear: My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay, But stronger love impell'd, and I obey. Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain; And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain; Till time shall rifle every youthful grace, And age dismiss her from my cold embrace, In daily labours of the loom employ'd, Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd. Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie, Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die." Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke: "To me, perfidious!

Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear, Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear." The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear. For one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." Then to the city, terrible and strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along, So the proud courser, victor of the prize, To the near goal with double ardour flies. High-bounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war, And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,

Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:
The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer, Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along, Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands:
"Heroes, be men; be what you were before; Or weigh the great occasion, and be more. 'Tis now
no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in
one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of
barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel
their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend, Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend." He
said; and pleased his passion to command, Resign'd the courser to Noemon's hand, Friend of
the youthful chief: himself content, The shining charger to his vessel sent.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees
along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the
lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste
appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain.
In every quarter fierce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the
ranks he thunders o'er the plain; Now here, now there, he darts from place to place, Pours on
the rear, or lightens in their face.

Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall; The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall." These words
the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, And listening armies catch the godlike fire. Deiphobus
beheld him as he pass'd, And, fired with hate, a parting javelin cast: The javelin err'd, but held its
course along, And pierced Ascalaphus, the brave and young: The son of Mars fell gasping on
the ground, And gnash'd the dust, all bloody with his wound. O'er heapy shields, and o'er the
prostrate throng, Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along, Through wide Buprasian fields we
forced the foes, Where o'er the vales the Olenian rocks arose; Till Pallas stopp'd us where
Alisium flows.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair
AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny
harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay
below.

O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng, Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the foes, Where o'er the vales the Olenian rocks
arose; Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows. There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen
touching on the Tyrian shore.

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the
second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus
had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and
asserts his claim. That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece

their aid; High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

In vain Aetolia her deliverer waits, War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove, Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove: The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer, The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands, Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain. Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem already to retrieve the day.

High o'er the host, all terrible he stands, And thunders to his steeds these dread commands: "Xanthus and Balius! Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.

When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought. Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy. The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd, Braced in and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head: His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes, And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear. 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

To their own hands commit the frantic scene, Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean." Then

turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires, And from the senior power submit retires: Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades: "And is it thus the youthful Phoebus flies, And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize? Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase, To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?" This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along, To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng; High at their head he saw the chief appear, And bold Meriones excite the rear.

Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear, Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear." The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array. Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain, Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain. The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd, Braced in and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head: His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes, And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

In every quarter fierce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain; Now here, now there, he darts from place to place, Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race.

But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair; Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd, And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood: Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste: "Sperchius!

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong. Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day, To the black ships Idaeus bent his way; There, to the sons of Mars, in council found, He raised his voice: the host stood listening round. 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong. Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight, And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite; Along the street the new-made brides are led, With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed: The youthful dancers in a circle bound To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound: Through the fair streets the matrons in a row Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show. But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer, We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year? 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

High o'er the host, all terrible he stands, And thunders to his steeds these dread commands: "Xanthus and Balius! Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell: He too may haste the naked corse to gain: The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain." The youthful warrior heard with silent woe, From his fair eyes the tears began to flow: Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

As when a general darkness veils the main, (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,) The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps, And a still horror saddens all the deeps; Thus in thick orders settling wide around, At length composed they sit, and shade the ground. But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain. Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall; The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall." These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, And listening armies catch the godlike fire. For one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." Then to the city, terrible and strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along, So the proud courser, victor of the prize, To the near goal with double ardour flies.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore. Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear, Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear." The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared: The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

In every quarter fierce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain; Now here, now there, he darts from place to place, Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.

If thy madness wait The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate: That giant-corse, extended on the shore, Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore." He said; and like a lion stalk'd along: With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung, Sent from his following host: the Grecian train With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain; A shout that tore heaven's concave, and, above, Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame. And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid, The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove, Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove: The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer, The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands, Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd; Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

Before him flaming his enormous shield, Like the broad sun, illumined all the field; His nodding helm emits a streamy ray; His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along, Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong. When Atreus' son harangued the listening train, Just was his sense, and his expression plain, His words succinct, yet full, without a fault; He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.

Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear, Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear." The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey, Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

Though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd;
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
In every quarter fierce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the
ranks he thunders o'er the plain; Now here, now there, he darts from place to place, Pours on
the rear, or lightens in their face. Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my
valour for my country's good.

Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near, The youthful offspring of the god of war, Merion, and
Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece their aid; High o'er
the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war. The god
whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at
length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath,
heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all the gods
that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

Before him flaming his enormous shield, Like the broad sun, illumined all the field; His nodding
helm emits a streamy ray; His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, And, while beneath his
targe he flash'd along, Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong. In vain he calls; the din
of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly,
the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair
AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaure with viny
harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay
below. Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And
yield the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem
already to retrieve the day.

So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare; And far
avert Tydides' wasteful ire, Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire. Soon as the
rosy morn had waked the day, To the black ships Idaeus bent his way; There, to the sons of
Mars, in council found, He raised his voice: the host stood listening round.

The god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had
my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all
the gods that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the
day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then
bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd;
Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas
stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.

It bursts, it thunders on our heads!

No prayer, no moving art, E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart! Be the fierce impulse of his
rage obey'd, Our battles let him or desert or aid; Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit:

That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit: What for ourselves we can, is always ours; This night, let due repast refresh our powers; (For strength consists in spirits and in blood, And those are owed to generous wine and food;) But when the rosy messenger of day Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray, Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine In flaming arms, a long-extended line: In the dread front let great Atrides stand, The first in danger, as in high command." Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise, Then each to Heaven the due libations pays; Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows The grateful blessings of desired repose. Illustration: ACHILLES. Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young, From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung: (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed, That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; In secret woods he won the naiad's grace, And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace:) Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms; The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way. That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece their aid; High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd; Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young, From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung: (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed, That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; In secret woods he won the naiad's grace, And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace:) Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms; The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease, But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase, Till the great king, without a ransom paid, To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid. Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer, The priest may pardon, and the god may spare." The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown The monarch started from his shining throne; Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire, And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire: "Augur accursed! Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain. But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands, And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands: "Heroes, be men; be what you were before; Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; Aeneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better

far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame. To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round. Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls, And now she thunders from the Grecian walls. Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

No prayer, no moving art, E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

If thy madness wait The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate: That giant-corse, extended on the shore, Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore." He said; and like a lion stalk'd along: With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung, Sent from his following host: the Grecian train With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain; A shout that tore heaven's concave, and, above, Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.

Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race Tower on the right of yon ethereal space; So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove." Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high, Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury! Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along, Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong? A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke, Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke, With ample forehead, and with spreading horns, Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns." The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise. The god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more." Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers, Array'd in terrors, roused the Trojan powers: While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe, And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Appeased, propitious to our prayer, Resume thy arms, and shine again in war." "O king of nations!

To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees

along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain. Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.

Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power. Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near, The youthful offspring of the god of war, Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around. It bursts, it thunders on our heads!

But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host, Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name, Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band. Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day, To the black ships Idæus bent his way; There, to the sons of Mars, in council found, He raised his voice: the host stood listening round.

Achilles rising then bespoke the train: "Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain." The hero said, and starting from his place, Oilean Ajax rises to the race; Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good. Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way. And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid, The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid. Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.

Though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd; Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

As when a general darkness veils the main, (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,) The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps, And a still horror saddens all the deeps; Thus in thick orders settling wide around, At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.

High-bounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war, And thunders after Hector; Hector flies, Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies. Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. The leading sign, the irrevocable nod, And happy thunders of the favouring god, These shall I slight, and guide my wavering mind By wandering birds that flit with every wind?

Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell: He too may haste the naked corse to gain: The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain." The youthful warrior heard with silent woe, From his fair eyes the tears began to flow: Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight, In the first folly of a youthful knight, To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain, But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain: Struck where the crossing belts unite behind, And golden rings the double back-plate join'd Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel; And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell; The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round. But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

The god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell. There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim. Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer; If earth, at length this active prince can seize, Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules." Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, And his soul shivering at the approach of death.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore. Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around, The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground: There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; AEneas, honour'd as a guardian god; Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine; The brother-warriors of Antenor's line: With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your

own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same. And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard; A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared: The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep, And, couching close, repel invading sleep.

First of the foe, great Hector march'd along, With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong. But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite, Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far, Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war." He added not: the listening kings obey, Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare; And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne, (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,) Precipitate the ponderous mass descends: From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; At every shock the crackling wood resounds; Still gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain, Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain: There stops--so Hector. Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem already to retrieve the day.

Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend; In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy, Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy. Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young, From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung: (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed, That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; In secret woods he won the naiad's grace, And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace:) Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms; The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms. The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altars led: If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire; Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed; Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might." Hector obedient heard: and, with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main. Appeased, propitious to our prayer, Resume thy arms, and shine again in war." "O king of nations!

Since you, of all our numerous race alone Defend my life, regardless of your own." Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer, And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear: My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay, But stronger love impell'd, and I obey. O'er heapy

shields, and o'er the prostrate throng, Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along, Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the foes, Where o'er the vales the Olenian rocks arose; Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd; Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer; If earth, at length this active prince can seize, Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules." Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, And his soul shivering at the approach of death.

Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race Tower on the right of yon ethereal space; So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove." Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high, Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove, Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove: The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer, The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands, Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

In vain Aetolia her deliverer waits, War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates. The god whose liquid arms are hurl'd Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world, Desists at length his rebel-war to wage, Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage; Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round, Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound; And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near, The youthful offspring of the god of war, Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd: To these the warrior sent his voice around.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd, That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade; Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd: Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field, And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield: Within its concave hung a silver thong, On which a mimic serpent creeps along, His azure length in easy waves extends, Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends. Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem already to retrieve the day. I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend, Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend." He said; and pleased his passion to command, Resign'd the courser to Noemon's hand, Friend of the youthful chief: himself content, The shining charger to his vessel sent. Though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd; Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer, Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair. Or pierced with Grecian

darts, for ages lie, Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die." Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke: "To me, perfidious!

No time shall part us, and no fate divide, Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames), My father faithless to my mother's arms, Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms.

But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain. Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn, A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne, (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,) Precipitate the ponderous mass descends: From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; At every shock the crackling wood resounds; Still gathering force, it smokes; and urged amain, Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain: There stops--so Hector.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good. Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire) With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire; Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd; The dart drove on, and issued at his breast: Headlong he quits the car: his arms resound; His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.

But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host, Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name, Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.

It bursts, it thunders on our heads!

Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer, Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair. In vain Aetolia her deliverer waits, War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates. Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd; Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king. Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd, Our battles let him or desert or aid; Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit: That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit: What for ourselves we can, is always ours; This night, let due repast refresh our powers; (For strength consists in spirits and in blood, And those are owed to generous wine and food;) But when the rosy messenger of day Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray, Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine In flaming arms, a long-extended line: In the dread front let great Atrides stand, The first in danger, as in high command." Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise, Then each to Heaven the due libations pays; Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows The grateful blessings of desired repose.

Illustration: ACHILLES.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Though youthful ardour fire thy breast, The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd; Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel. But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

High-bounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war, And thunders after Hector; Hector flies, Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies. Next move to war the generous Argive train, From high Troezene, and Maseta's plain, And fair AEgina circled by the main: Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls surround, And Epidaurē with viny harvests crown'd: And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast, Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd; Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

No time shall part us, and no fate divide, Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames), My father faithless to my mother's arms, Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms.

As when a general darkness veils the main, (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,) The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps, And a still horror saddens all the deeps; Thus in thick orders settling wide around, At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.

Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall; The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall." These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, And listening armies catch the godlike fire.

Appeased, propitious to our prayer, Resume thy arms, and shine again in war." "O king of nations!

The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight, In gilded arms magnificently bright: The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around, With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound: Lycaon's corslet his fair body dress'd, Braced in and fitted to his softer breast; A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied, Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread; The waving horse-hair nodded on his head: His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes, And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

For one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." Then to the city, terrible and strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along, So the proud courser, victor of the prize, To the near goal with double ardour flies.

Not he that thunders from the aerial bower, Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates; To your own hands are trusted all your fates; And better far in one decisive strife, One day should end our labour or our life, Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands, Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands." The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame, And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece their aid; High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire) With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire; Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd; The dart drove on, and issued at his breast: Headlong he quits the car: his arms resound; His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground. Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main. And now Minerva from the realms of air Descends impetuous, and renews the war; For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid, The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid. In every quarter fierce Tydides raged; Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train, Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain; Now here, now there, he darts from place to place, Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.

Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall; The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall." These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire, And listening armies catch the godlike fire. High o'er the host, all terrible he stands, And thunders to his steeds these dread commands: "Xanthus and Balius!

No prayer, no moving art, E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart! Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main. Appeased, propitious to our prayer, Resume thy arms, and shine again in war." "O king of nations!

Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, With fainting knees shall labour in the course, And yield the glory yours."--The steeds obey; Already at their heels they wing their way, And seem already to retrieve the day. To her Latona hastes with tender care; Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war: "How shall I face the dame, who gives delight To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night? Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal) At the near prize each gathers all his soul, Each burns with double hope, with double pain, Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.

Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood; So proved my valour for my country's good. But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer, Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane; So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

Far as an able arm the disk can send, When youthful rivals their full force extend, So far, Antilochus! Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone) Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain. His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd, That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade; Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd: Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field, And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield: Within its concave hung a silver thong, On which a mimic serpent creeps along, His azure length in easy waves extends, Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends.

Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain, Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain. Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer, We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year? But Hector only boasts a mortal claim, His birth deriving from a mortal dame: Achilles, of your

own ethereal race, Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace (A goddess by ourself to Peleus given, A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven) To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god, Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre." Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame: "Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame; Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.

For one of heavenly strain, To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." Then to the city, terrible and strong, With high and haughty steps he tower'd along, So the proud courser, victor of the prize, To the near goal with double ardour flies. Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along, Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds, O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds; The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear! While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain, And all the labours of mankind are vain.

Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast, When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.

But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast, The flower of Greece, the examples of our host, Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway, Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?" His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame; And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name, Up-started fierce: but far before the rest The king of men advanced his dauntless breast: Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd; And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd; Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there, And Merion, dreadful as the god of war: With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand, And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.

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Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay (Since great Tydides bears the first away) To him the second honours of the day." The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries, And then Eumelus had received the prize, But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame, The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease, But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase, Till the great king, without a ransom paid, To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid. Perhaps,

with added sacrifice and prayer, The priest may pardon, and the god may spare." The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown The monarch started from his shining throne; Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire, And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire: "Augur accursed! The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more." Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers, Array'd in terrors, roused the Trojan powers: While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe, And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed, And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind, That youthful vigour, and that manly mind, What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought, What seas they measured, and what fields they fought; All pass'd before him in remembrance dear, Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields, The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound, Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground. Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer, Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid, In happy thunders promised Greece their aid; High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air, And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war. No prayer, no moving art, E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke, Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke, With ample forehead, and with spreading horns, Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns." The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.

The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold, Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold, Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread, And twelve young heifers to her altars led: If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer, Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire; Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed; Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight, In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might." Hector obedient heard: and, with a bound, Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground; Through all his host inspiring force he flies, And bids the thunder of the battle rise.

Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase, To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?" This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along, To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng; High at their head he saw the chief appear, And bold Meriones excite the rear. High-bounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war, And thunders after Hector; Hector flies, Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, Sidonian maids embroider'd every part, Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore, With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight, And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite; Along the street the new-made brides are led, With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed: The youthful dancers in a circle bound To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound: Through the fair streets the matrons in a row Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.